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CHARLES STARRETT *as*

The DURANGO KID

No. 16

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HURRY MAIL TODAY

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The DURANGO KID



THE RAILROAD TRACKS GLITTER LIKE SILVER SNAKES ALONG THE TREACHEROUS CURVES OF THE MOUNTAINS. SET AN EAR TO THE TRACKS AND YOU CAN HEAR THEM COMING, RACKING ALONG, SINGING A SONG OF POWER AND PROGRESS! BUT—SOMETIMES—WHEN KILLERS LURK AROUND EACH BEND—THE HOWLING WHEELS ARE IN TUNE WITH DANGER—AND THEN...

"THE RAILS SING DEATH!"

ONE DAY—ON THE OUT-SKIRTS OF RED HOOK...

MULEY—LOOK! THOSE TWO MEN—THEY'VE BEEN BEATEN!

YUP, THEY'VE BEEN HUSHED ALL RIGHT! SAY—I KNOW THEM! AIN'T THEY THE TWO SURVEYORS FROM THUH RAILROAD?

YOU'VE BEEN GUNWHIPPED HARD, MISTER—BUT I RECKON YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT. WHO DID IT?

I GOT A GOOD LOOK AT THEM BEFORE THEY SLUGGED US. IT WAS JEFF PALEY AND HIS OWLHOOT BROOD!

BLAZES! IT'S TIME SOMEBODY DID SOMETHING ABOUT JEFF PALEY AND THAT HOTBED OF CRIME HE CALLS HIS SALOON! FOLLOW ME!

GOLLY, STEVE—WOTCHA GONNA DO?



THE DURANGO KID



WHUT THUH—?
STEVE BRAND—
WHUT'S THUH
IDEA?

THESE TWO RAIL-
ROAD MEN HAVE
JUST BEEN GIVEN
THE GUN-BARREL
TREATMENT BY
JEFF PALEY AND
HIS GANG...

PALEY AND THOSE
OWLHOOTS IN HIS SALOON
HAVE TERRORIZED THIS
TOWN FOR TOO LONG.
SHERIFF! THAT'S WHY
THEY DON'T WANT THE
RAILROAD—BECAUSE IT
WILL MEAN FEDERAL
ENFORCEMENT OF LAW
AND ORDER—IT MEANS
FINISH FOR THEM...



THIS ATTACK ON THE
SURVEYORS MEANS PALEY'S
DECLARED WAR ON THE
RAILROAD! WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO
ABOUT IT,
SHERIFF?

NOW YOU
JEST LOOKEE
HERE, STEVE
BRAND...!



...YOU GOT NO GALL TUH COME IN HYAR
TELLIN' ME MUH BUSINESS! PALEY
RUNS A LAW-ABIDIN' SALOON AN'
YUH GOT NO
EVIDENCE PROVIN'
DIFFERENT!
REMEMBER
— I'M
SHERIFF
'ROUND HYAR!



IN OTHER WORDS—YOU'RE SCARED
OF YOUR SKIN AND YOU'LL DO NOTHING!
WE'LL REMEMBER THAT AT ELECTION
TIME!

☆ #! ?
!!!



WAL, PARTNER—
WHUT NOW?

THE RAILROAD *MUST* GO
THROUGH! IT MEANS STRONG LAW
AND CHEAP TRANSPORTATION TO
CATTLE MARKETS, BUT THE LAW
SEEMS TO HAVE
TAKEN A REST IN
THESE PARTS...



...AND IT'S TIME FOR HONEST
MEN TO *MAKE* THE LAW! BUT
ENFORCEMENT OF LAW ISN'T STEVE
BRAND'S JOB—THAT'S A JOB FOR
THE DURANGO KID!

THE DURANGO KID



A DEATHLY HUSH FALLS OVER THE PLACE-- ALL EYES TURN TO THE GRIM BLACK-CLAD FIGURE...



THIS ISN'T MY USUAL WAY OF DOING BUSINESS, PALEY--BUT IT'S THE ONLY LANGUAGE YOU HOMBRES UNDERSTAND! NOW GET THIS-- THE RAILROAD'S GOING THROUGH! THE DURANGO KID PERSONALLY GUARANTEES THAT!



THE DURANGO KID

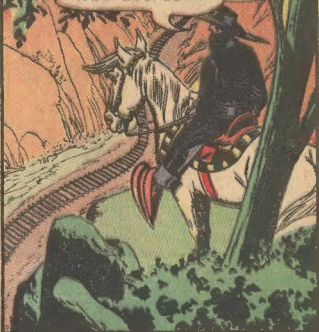


OKAY, MISTER,
IF IT'S **WAR**
YOU WANT....!

BOYS, GO 'ROUND
UP EVERY OWL-
HOOT, EVERY
GUNSLICK IN
THIS TERRITORY!
WE'RE GOIN' TUH
GIT TUH RAIL-
ROAD AN'
DURANGO TOO!



WEEKS LATER... WELL, SO FAR THERE'S
BEEN NO TROUBLE. BUT TODAY IS
WHEN THE FIRST TRAINLOAD OF
PASSENGERS COMES THROUGH. IF
PALEY'S GOING TO TRY ANYTHING,
IT'LL BE TODAY. HMMM... THOUGHT
I SAW SOMEBODY MOVING IN
THOSE BUSHES....!



ON ANOTHER HILL....

HYAR COMES TUH TRAIN,
GOIN' UPHILL, MOVIN' SLOW
... ALL RIGHT, MEN, YUH
KNOW YORE JOBS - LET'S
GO!



FIRST THING'S TUH
PUT TUH ENGINE OUT
OF COMMISSION.
THEN WHEN TUH
TRAIN TOPS TUH
HILL, WE JUMP OUT...
FAST... 'CAUSE
THERE AIN'T **NOBODY**
GONNA LIVE THROUGH
TUH DOWNHILL RIDE!



HEY!
WHUT'
TUH....?

GRAB
'IM,
BOYS!



HURRY IT UP, MEN!
WE'RE ROUNDIN' TUH
TOP O' TUH HILL -
GOTTA GIT OUTA
HYAR!

ALL SET -
LET'S GIT!



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

NOW—TO CUT THIS HEAVY ENGINE LOOSE...THERE'LL BE NO WAY TO PREVENT THE ENGINE GOING OVER THE BIG CURVE BELOW! AND THEN...



LISTEN TO ME! EVERYBODY CRAM TO THAT SIDE OF THE TRAIN! LEAN OUT THE WINDOWS —FAR OUT! THE STRONGER MEN CLIMB OUTSIDE —QUICK!

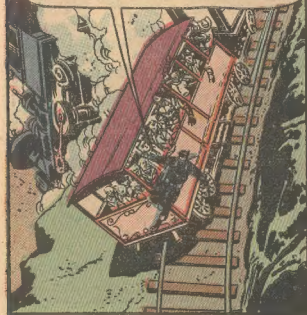


LEAN! LEAN!
FAR! FARTHER!

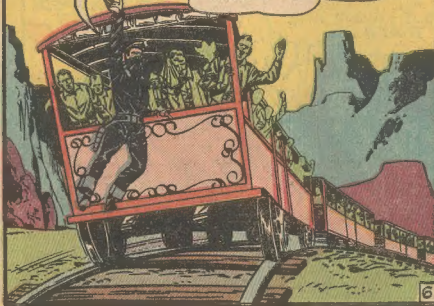
HERE COMES THE CURVE —SO LEAN!



THERE GOES THE ENGINE!
LEAN FARTHER —FARTHER!



WE MADE IT! NOW IT'S A STRAIGHT
RUN TO THE BOTTOM AND THE FLAT PRAIRIE!
YAHOOO!



THE DURANGO KID

AS THE COACHES LEVEL OFF TO A GRADUAL HALT ON THE FLAT PRAIRIE...

BY THUNDER—EF WE COULD JEST LAY OUR PAWS ON THUH HOMBRES WHO DONS THIS!

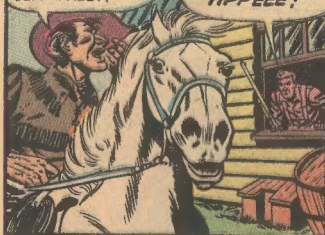
I'M MAD—CLEAN THROUGH—READY FER ANYTHIN'!



THE WORD SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE...

HEY, ZEKE—HAVE YUH HEARD? DURANGO'S LEADIN' ANYBODY WHO WANTS TO FIGHT AGIN' THUH OWLHOOT BOSS, JEFF PALEY!

BY GUM, HIT'S ABOUT TIME! WAIT FER ME—I'M COMIN' A-WHOOPIN' AN' A-HOLLERIN'—YIPPEE!



FOLLOW ME! A FEW OF YOU MEN SCATTER AND ROUND UP ALL HONEST RANCHERS AND CITIZENS WHO WANT TO FIGHT. **THIS IS WAR...**



AND, IN A MATTER OF A FEW HOURS...

FAN OUT—

PALEY'S IN THAR, ALL RIGHT—WITH TWO DOZEN GUNSLICKS READY TO SHOOT AN' HIS PLACE ALL BOARDED UP!

START MOVING—AND **KEEP SHOOTING!**



KEEP ON MOVING, BOYS—AND WE'LL WIN! NOW FOR THE FINAL CHARGE...



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

the DURANGO KID

A LITTLE MAN WITH BIG IDEAS
THOUGHT HE WOULD BOSS THE RANGE
—AND BEAT **THE DURANGO KID!**
—AND THE PAYOFF CAME WITH THE
TERROR OF A WILD

"STAMPEDE!"



GIT, YUH DANGED
ORNERY SPLAY-FOOTED
CRITTERS—GIT!
SHOOO!

CATTLE DONE
TRAMPLED
UP HALF OUR
CROPS, PAW!

OH DEAR—
A WHOLE
SUMMER'S
WORK GONE
TO POT,
PAW!

THEM COWS BELONG
TUH MIDGE BOLSEY,
MAW—AN' IT'S MUH
HUNCH THEY DIDN'T
GET ON OUR LAND
BY NO ACCIDENT!
BOLSEY'S TRYIN' TUH
RUIN US!

THIS SETTLES IT, BY
TARNATION! WE'RE
GOIN' TUH BUILD A
FENCE AROUND OUR
LAND AN' I'M A'GOIN'
TUH VENTILATE THUH
FUST VARMINT WHUT
BREAKS IT DOWN—AN'
I HOPE THET'S
BOLSEY!



THE DURANGO KID

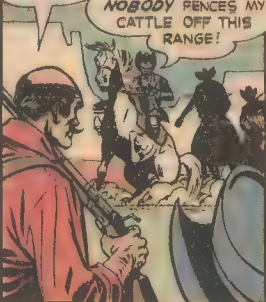
A FEW DAYS LATER...
I'M RIGHT GRATEFUL TUH YOU AN' MULEY FER HELPIN' ME PUT UP THIS FENCE, STEVE.

NOTHING AT ALL, ANGUS—HEY, LOOK WHO'S COMING!



YOU STAY BACK, STEVE AN' MULEY—I'LL HANDLE THIS!

ALL RIGHT, ANGUS—YOU'RE ASKING FOR TROUBLE. WE'VE COME TO TEAR DOWN THAT FENCE. **NOBODY** FENCES MY CATTLE OFF THIS RANGE!



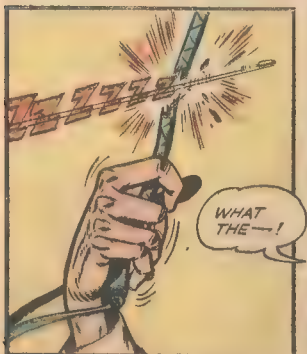
THIS LAND IS MINE, BOLSEY! I'M SHOOTIN' HOLES THROUGH THE FUST ONE O' YORE GUNSICKS WHUT LAYS HIS HAND ON MUH FENCE!



YOU'RE AN UPPITY NESTER, ANGUS—AN' YOU NEED A LESSON...GIVE IT TO HIM, BOYS!



HOLD HIM, BOYS—A FEW LICKS ACROSS HIS FACE WITH THE BUSINESS END OF A RIDING CROP WILL DO HIM WORLDS OF GOOD!



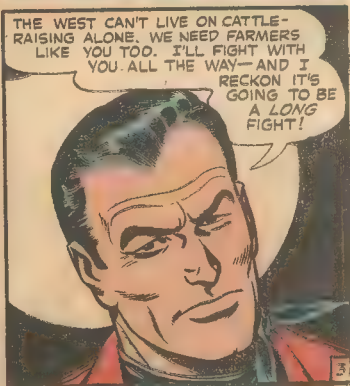
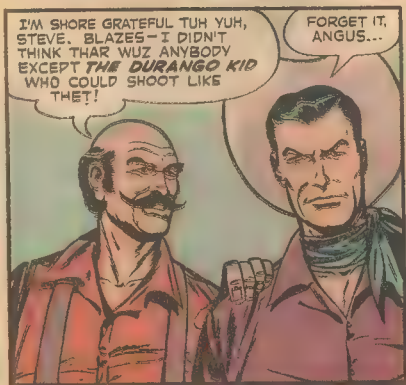
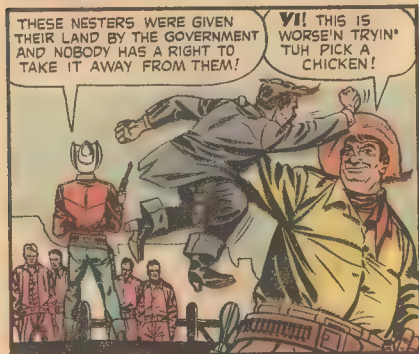
WHAT THE—!

I SAY THE FENCE STAYS UP AND YOU GET OUT, BOLSEY!

A TINHORN COWBOY STICKING UP FOR NESTERS! GET HIM, MEN!



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

AND STEVE IS RIGHT—FOR AT THAT VERY MOMENT, BOLSEY IS PLOTTING REVENGE...

I'LL GET THEM YET—ALL OF THEM!
...LISTEN TO THIS PLAN—THIS IS THE
OPEN SEASON, WHEN ALL HERDS ARE
OUT ON OPEN GRAZING, NOBODY
WATCHING THEM...



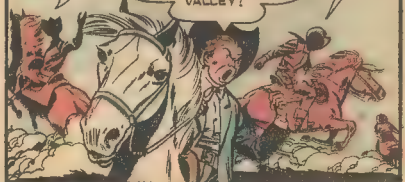
YOU MEN SCATTER, ROUND UP
EVERY ANIMAL, EVERY HERD YOU
CAN FIND. WE'LL DRIFT 'EM ALL
TOGETHER AT AN ASSEMBLY
POINT JUST ABOVE THE VALLEY
...THOUSANDS OF THEM!



I GET IT!
THEN WE
STAMPEDE
'EM—RIGHT?

RIGHT! WE STAMPEDE
'EM RIGHT DOWN THE
VALLEY—WIPE OUT
EVERY NESTER AND
EVERY FARM IN THE
VALLEY!

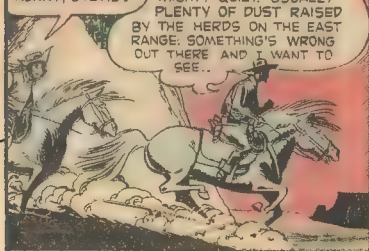
LET'S
GO!



SOME TIME LATER...

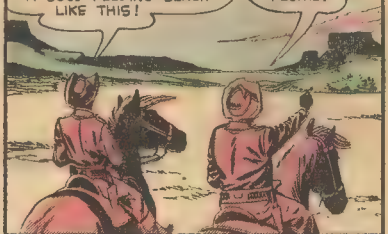
WHUT'S YORE
HURRY, STEVIE?

FUNNY THING—THE SKY
OUT THAT WAY LOOKS
MIGHTY QUIET. USUALLY
PLENTY OF DUST RAISED
BY THE HERDS ON THE EAST
RANGE. SOMETHING'S WRONG
OUT THERE AND I WANT TO
SEE...



EMPTY! NOT A SOLITARY
COW! NOW—IT SURE ISN'T
LIKE CATTLE TO DRIFT OFF
A GOOD FEEDING BENCH
LIKE THIS!

HEY—LOOK OUT
THAT WAY!
THAT'S A DUST
PLUME!



LET'S
CHASE
IT!

WONDER WHO
IT KIN BE?



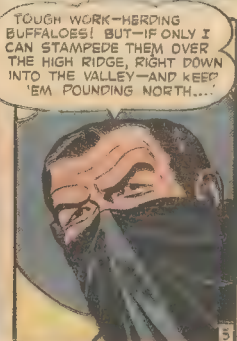
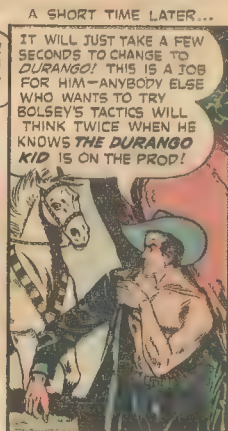
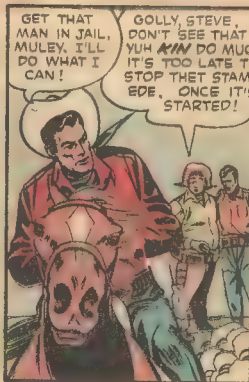
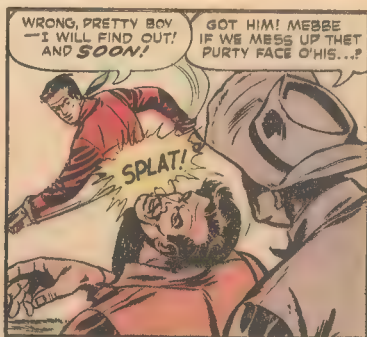
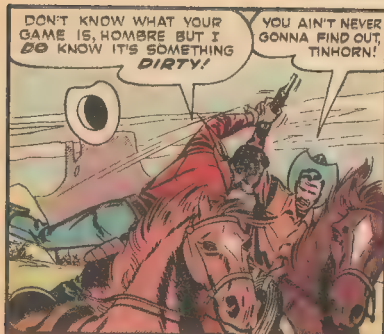
BLAZES!

ONE OF
BOLSEY'S
MEN!

AN' THEM AIN'T
BOLSEY'S STEERS
HE'S TAILIN'!



THE DURANGO KID

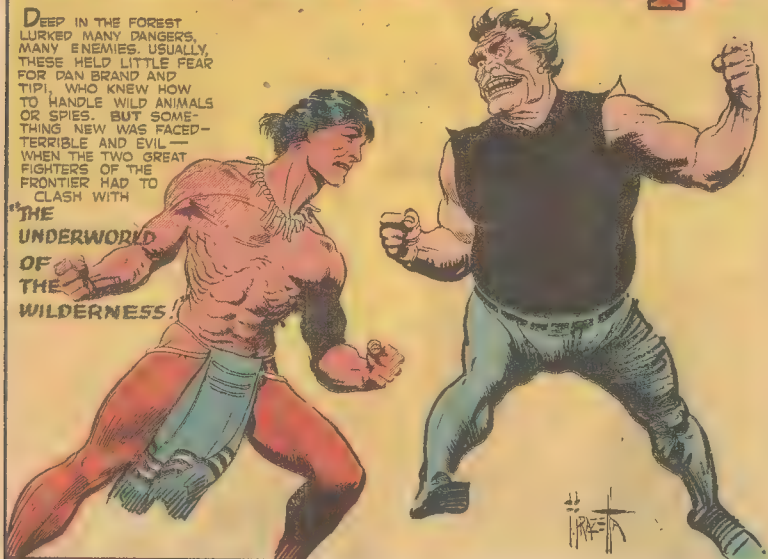


THE DURANGO KID

Dan Brand and Tipi

DEEP IN THE FOREST
LURKED MANY DANGERS,
MANY ENEMIES. USUALLY,
THESE HELD LITTLE FEAR
FOR DAN BRAND AND
TIPÍ, WHO KNEW HOW
TO HANDLE WILD ANIMALS
OR SPIES. BUT SOME-
THING NEW WAS FACED—
TERRIBLE AND EVIL—
WHEN THE TWO GREAT
FIGHTERS OF THE
FRONTIER HAD TO
CLASH WITH

"THE
UNDERWORLD
OF
THE
WILDERNESS"



ALONG THE EDGE OF CATARACT
FOREST...



HALT!
HALT-OR WE'LL
CUT YE T'
RIBBONS!

MERCY'S
SAKES!
BRIGANDS!

ALL RIGHT, BLACKLEG—WE
GOT ALL TH' GOLD AN'
SILVER THERE IS. NOW—
WHAT'LL WE DO WITH
THIS RICH RUNT?

LET'S SEE HOW
FAST HE KIN
DANCE, MEN!

ALL RIGHT, YE
SCRAWNY RUNT
—**RUN!** BUT
KEEP DANCIN'!
LOOK AT IM,
MEN—AIN'T HE
SOMETHIN'?

HAW-HAW!
YE'RE A
CARD,
BLACKLEG!



THE DURANGO KID

THE WILDLY STAMPEDING ANIMALS PLUNGE PAST...



THESE LIMBS ARE AWFULLY THIN—I SURE HOPE THEY DON'T CRACK! I CAN'T LOOK—IS IT SAFE YET?

THUH LAST CRITTER JEST WENT BY. IT'S SAFE, BOSS. WE KIN COME DOWN NOW.

YES, YOU CAN COME DOWN NOW, GENTS! FUNNY COUNTRY THIS—WHERE OWLHOOTS GROW ON TREES!

Yiiii! THE DURANGO KID!



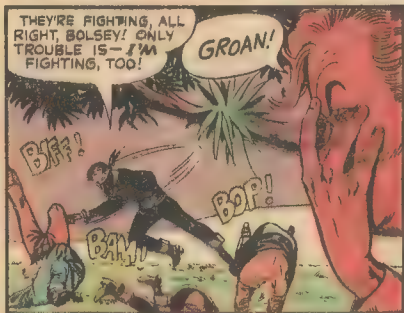
BUT THIS TREE SURE DROPPED SOME ROTTEN FRUIT. GUESS I'D BETTER CLEAN THE GARBAGE UP!

FIGHT, MEN—FIGHT!

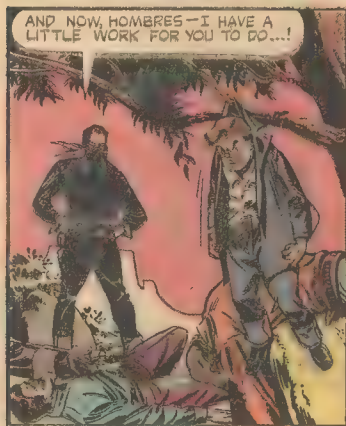


THEY'RE FIGHTING, ALL RIGHT, BOLSEY! ONLY TROUBLE IS—I'M FIGHTING, TOO!

GROAN!



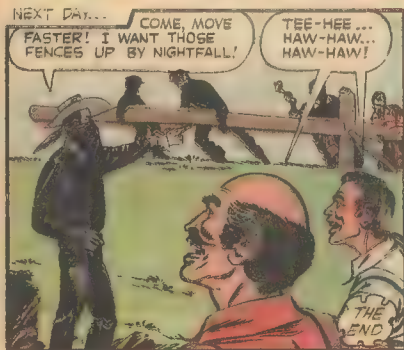
AND NOW, HOMERES—I HAVE A LITTLE WORK FOR YOU TO DO....!



NEXT DAY...

COME, MOVE FASTER! I WANT THOSE FENCES UP BY NIGHTFALL!

TEE-HEE... HAW-HAW... HAW-HAW!

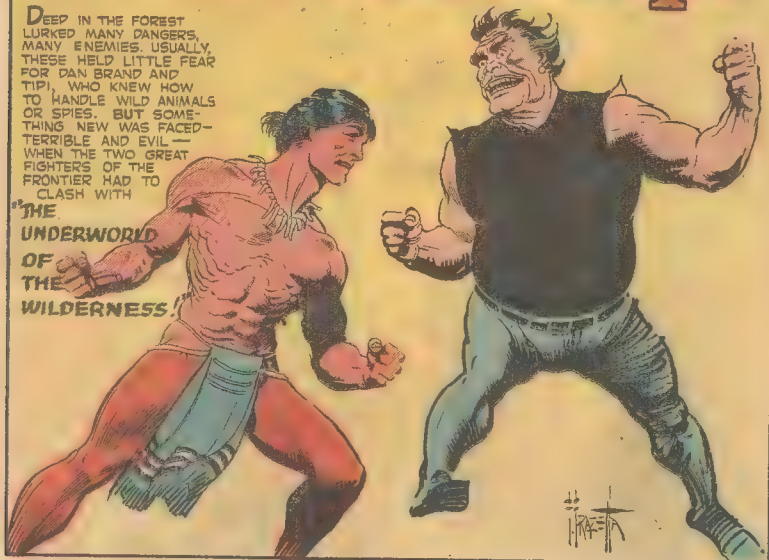


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THE DURANGO KID



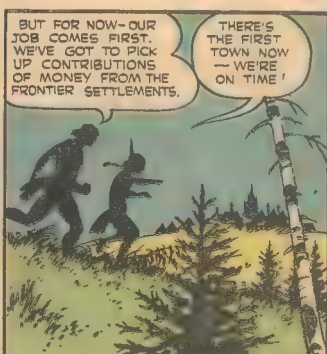
ON A NEARBY KNOLL...

THEY'RE GOING BACK INTO THE WOODS NOW WITH THEIR LOOT. WHAT A MURDEROUS LOT, DAN!

WE CAN'T TAKE THE TIME OR RISK TO MIX IN RIGHT NOW, TPI. WE'RE ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION AND THAT COMES FIRST...

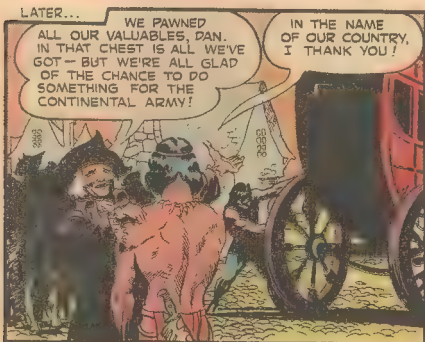


BUT SOMEDAY, WHEN THE WAR IS WON AND THE COUNTRY REORGANIZED, A WAY MUST BE FOUND TO RID OUR FORESTS OF THESE LAWLESS BRIGANDS...



BUT FOR NOW—OUR JOB COMES FIRST. WE'VE GOT TO PICK UP CONTRIBUTIONS OF MONEY FROM THE FRONTIER SETTLEMENTS.

THERE'S THE FIRST TOWN NOW — WE'RE ON TIME!



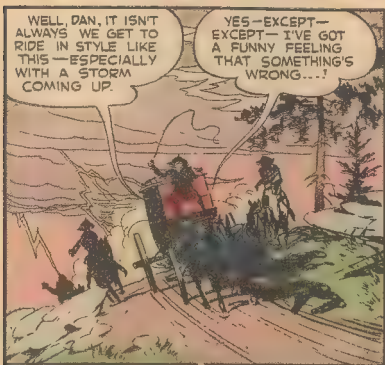
LATER...

WE PAWNEED ALL OUR VALUABLES, DAN. IN THAT CHEST IS ALL WE'VE GOT — BUT WE'RE ALL GLAD OF THE CHANCE TO DO SOMETHING FOR THE CONTINENTAL ARMY!

IN THE NAME OF OUR COUNTRY, I THANK YOU!



WE'RE DONATING THIS COACH, TOO. AND THESE BOYS HAVE VOLUNTEERED TO RIDE GUARD WITH YOU. SO YOU JUST CLIMB IN AND TAKE IT EASY.



WELL, DAN, IT ISN'T ALWAYS WE GET TO RIDE IN STYLE LIKE THIS — ESPECIALLY WITH A STORM COMING UP.

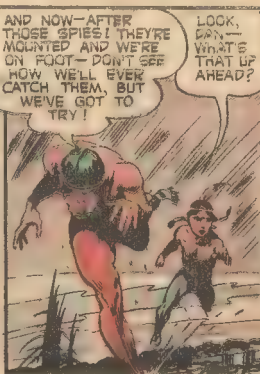
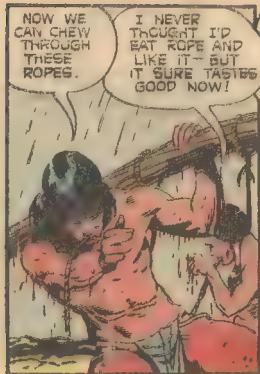
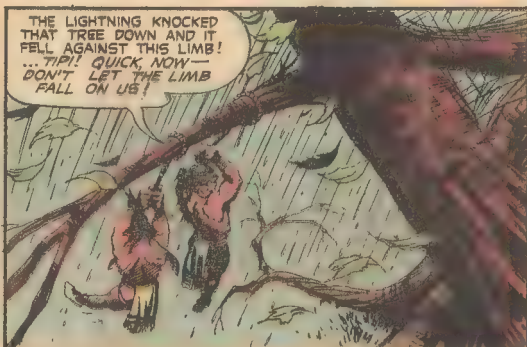
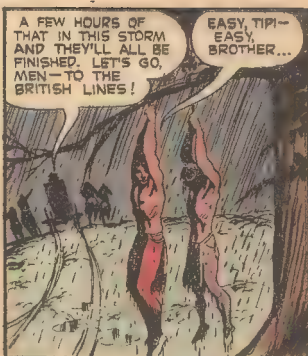
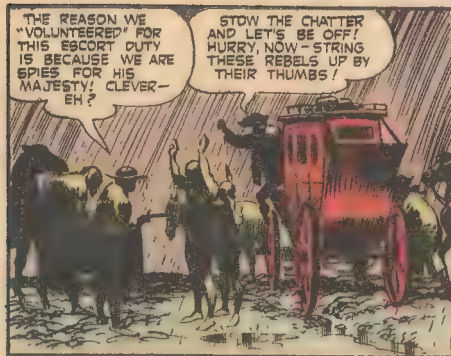
YES—EXCEPT— I'VE GOT A FUNNY FEELING THAT SOMETHING'S WRONG...!



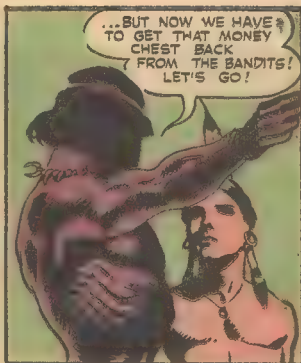
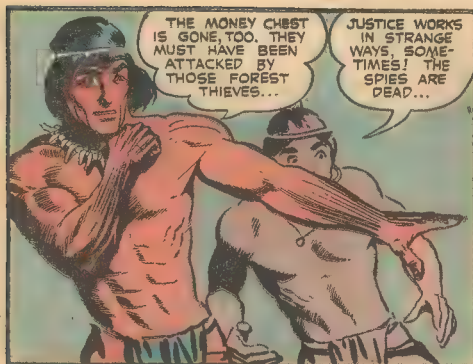
DON'T MOVE! THAT GOES FER THE INJUN BRAT, TOO!

GREETINGS FROM THE KING OF ENGLAND, DAN BRAND—YOU LOUSY REBEL!

THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



MEANWHILE, BLACKLEG, LEADER OF THE FOREST UNDERWORLD, IS HAVING HIS TROUBLES...



YE MISERABLE SCUM OF A SEA-DOG! I SAY I'LL PARCEL OUT THIS HAUL **WHEN AN' NOW** I FEEL LIKE! GIT THIS - I'M LEADER OF THIS HERE OUTFIT - KNOW WHY?



HERE'S WHY! 'CAUSE I KIN LICK ANYBODY ELSE IN THIS FOREST! THAT'S WHY!



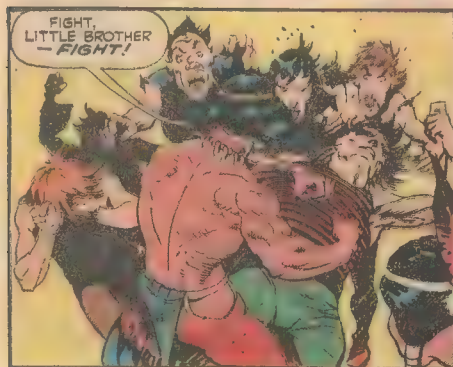
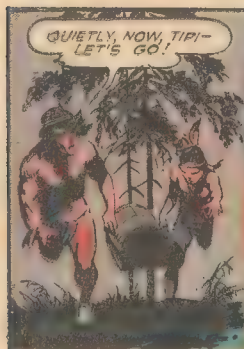
AND, AS LONG AS I KIN LICK ANYBODY HERE, WHAT I SAY **GOES!** GET IT?



AND NOW-HIT THE HAY, YE RUMMIES! DRAW LOTS T'SEE WHO GUARDS THIS CHEST TONIGHT-AN' MY FIST WILL SMASH THE FACE OF HIM WHO FALLS ASLEEP ON GUARD!



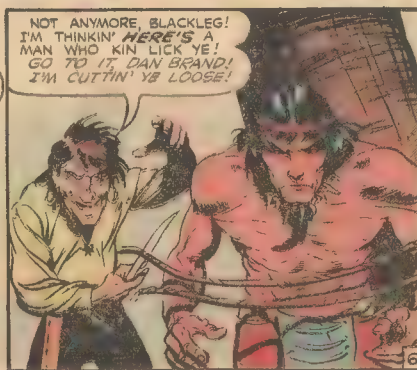
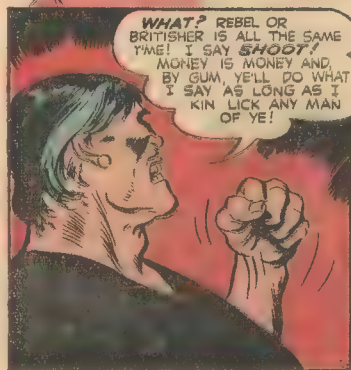
THE DURANGO KID



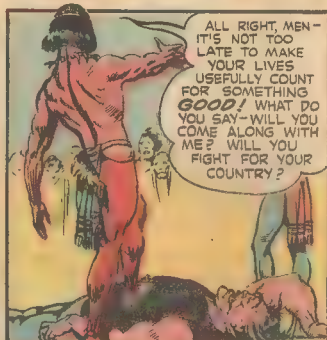
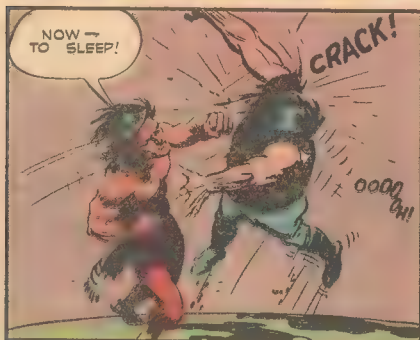
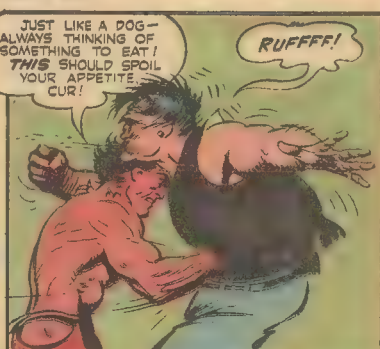
BUT EVEN THE GREAT FRONTIER
FIGHTERS FALL BEFORE THE WEIGHT
OF NUMBERS...



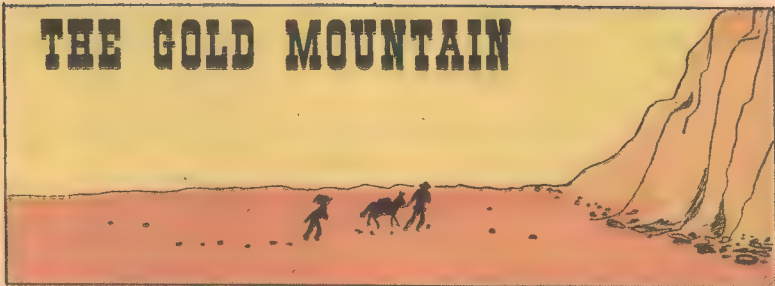
THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE GOLD MOUNTAIN



For ten years they had been partners, these two men in the dusty clothes and battered, lop-brimmed sombreros. For ten long years they had swallowed the sands of a dozen deserts and frozen in the snowclad heights of twenty mountains. They had frosted their fingers in the winter chill of the Tetons and sweated under the sun that baked the Gila Desert.

Bucky Loomis was the partner with the mule. He walked ahead, his squinted eyes searching the rocky shale of the Saddlehorn Mountains, studying the pines and Douglas firs high above them, where they seemed to touch the clouds. He was a big man, wide in the shoulders and with enormous hands. And yet those hands were delicate. It was Bucky who set the dynamite caps when they ran across a shelf of ore-bearing rock. And when the darkness rolled in over the prairie, it was Bucky who yanked out the beans and flour, pans and coffeepot, and readied up the meal.

He was big and long, with hair of a sandy-red color. He towered over the other man, little Pookey Lambert.

Bucky called out, "Over yonder, Pookey. Toward the lower edge of them hills. Looks purty good to me. Mought be gold thar!"

Pookey sighed, spat a flood of tobacco juice, and swallowed a curse. He was fed up with this tramping hot rock and hotter sands for a will-o'-the-wisp that men called gold. In his heart he felt there was no such thing as the precious yellow metal. And even if there was, he would whisper to himself at night before falling asleep, it will never be for the likes of me!

As he tramped along, Pookey eyed the wide shoulders of his partner. For ten years Pookey had looked at those shoulders. They seemed to pull him on, mile after weary mile, until he grew to hate them. Often as he tossed on his blanket before the night fire, he thought of killing Buck Loomis. He fell asleep, more often than not, concocting wild schemes of fool-proof murder. Sometimes he used his revolver, another time it was a knife. Once he had drowned Buck in the rapids of the Purgatory.

"If it wasn't for him," he muttered into his

scraggly beard, "I could be a rich man today. I'd have opened a general store in Dodge City or mebber Tascosa. I'd have a wife an' children, even. An' fer what have I given all them things up? Fer gold! Hal!"

Pookey spat in disgust. Buck Loomis turned and looked at him. "You say something?"

"Who, me?" asked Pookey innocently. "Naw!"

But when Buck turned back away from him, Pookey clenched his fist and whispered into his beard, "I'll kill you! Someday I'm goin' to kill you!" And the sun beat down on his back and cooked the hate in him to a living thing that walked always beside him.

It was Pookey who found the gold, some days later.

They had come up into the hills, under an arching ceiling of fir branches, where the trails were cool and lonely footpaths through the gloom. And at the edge of the forest, where the sun made a bright mirror of a cliff, a land of broken rock and crumbling shale stretched before them for mile after mile.

The partners had made a camp, and each man went his separate way, searching among the rocks and the dirt banks for the yellow metal.

Pookey found the gold, rich veins of bright color in the rocks, deep under an overhanging ledge of rock and dirt. It formed a sort of cave that seemed to stretch inward under the mountain itself.

"Just like the Comstock lode," he whispered as his hands trembled over the thick golden veins in the hard rock. "A whole mountain of the stuff! A solid lump of gold rock worth more money than there is in the whole world! And it's mine. All — mine!"

He shook as if with the ague, standing there, and tasting his last word on his lips. "Mine. I said — mine! Not ours! Not Buck's! No! Mine! All — mine!"

Pookey needed no assay report on the rock to know it would assay a fortune to the ton. He had hunted enough gold, and found enough, to know at a glance the value of his find. It did not occur

to him that there was enough gold here for fifty men — more gold than a hundred men could spend if each of them lived to be a thousand!

He wanted it all, for himself!

"An' I'll get it, too," he told the cave, crooning over a bit of the rock that he had broken off with a pick.

Quickly he hid the lump of ore-bearing rock in his pocket. He came out of the coolness of the cave, blinking a little against the bright sunlight. His ears heard the tumble of pebbles rolling, such a clattering of tiny stones as a man's foot might make if he walked carelessly.

"Buck?" he called out.

There was no answer. He was hearing things! Better get a good grip on himself before he went back to camp. No sense in tipping off his hand, before he was ready!

For the first time in weeks, supper that night — bacon and beans, hot biscuits and steaming coffee — was a happy event. Pookey chattered and talked, and Buck, surprised that his moody partner had suddenly come to life, joined in. They sang some songs, sat up later than usual, and then rolled up in their blankets, feet to the fire.

In the morning, Pookey woke to find the coffeepot bubbling, and Buck gone out into the morning mists. Pookey rose and ate slowly, going over his plan. He would wait until Buck came back into the camp. Then he would take out his Colt and put a hole between his partner's eyes. After that, the gold in that mountain would be all his!

The hours wore on, and the mists rolled away, and the sun came out, big and hot. Pookey broiled with rage. Where was Buck? Ten times he pulled out his revolver and examined it.

When it was an hour past noon, Pookey left the camp. He trailed his partner by the dark brown blobs of tobacco juice he had spat as he walked.

He found Buck on a little ridge, walking slowly and easily toward him. Pookey took out his gun and aimed it.

Buck looked up and saw him. He yelled, "Pookey — no! Listen, I got great news! Good news!"

Pookey pulled the trigger. Buck shook and staggered. There was a dull red spot on his shoulder, that grew bigger and bigger.

Buck cried out, "Pookey, you're crazy! I seen it coming on as we tramped the hills, and walked across the deserts. But I'm your partner, Pookey! Got news..."

His second bullet took him in the chest and Buck went backwards like an Oregon pine under the bite of the lumberjacks' axes. He fell and lay there, a bit man with the life seeping out of him, the red blood covering all his shirt.

Pookey dropped the big gun back into his holster. He moved forward, staring down at the dying man. Pookey grinned and hunkered beside him.

Pookey said, "I got news too, Buck. Great news — for me! I found gold yesterday. You hear me, Buck? Gold! A lot of gold. A whole mountain of it! And it's going to be mine, Buck. All — mine!"

He got up and went on, toward the cave in which he had found the rich, gold-bearing rock. He went slowly at first, and then as the excitement built in him he went faster. Finally, he began to run.

Pookey saw that another man had been here, even as he saw the cave. There were footprints here and there. Suddenly a feeling of relief came over him. He knew those footprints. They had been made by Buck Loomis. "What difference does that make?" Pookey asked the wind that ruffled the ocotilla branches. "He's dead!"

He went on, into the cave. He found a bit of paper propped up on a ledge. He glanced at it, and recognized Buck's handwriting.

Pookey ignored the paper.

With his pick, he began to chop at the rock wall. Large chunks came loose, to tumble on the floor.

And then the world seemed to blow up all around Pookey! There was a flash of red light, and a thunderous roar. The floor of the cave lifted and shook, and pebbles and debris came down from the roof on him. A mist of rock dust and sand rose and swirled around the cavern.

Outside, a shower of rock and dirt was falling faster and faster across the mouth of the cave. Pookey screamed and ran for the entrance.

He was too late. A rock hit him on the head and tumbled him to his knees. He knelt there and watched the rocks and dirt grow and grow to become a landslide. A landslide that covered the mouth of the cave, that hid him off from the world under a ton of debris.

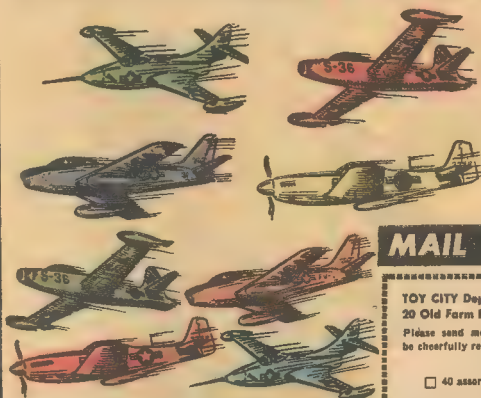
"No," he sobbed. "No... no! I'll never be able to dig out of that! I'm in here forever! I'm — buried alive!"

His trembling hands moved in the rubble on the cave floor. They touched the paper on which Buck had written. In dazed fashion, Pookey spread it open and his eyes moved across it. For a minute, the sense of that message did not come through to him. He read it again, and again.

Pookey — in case you find this cave, get out! I've set a dynamite charge on the ledge above. That dynamite charge will set off a landslide that will clog the entrance to the cave. It'll hide it from anybody else. Then you and me will go back to Tucson and file claim to it. We can come back, after you've had a good rest. You ain't been yourself, Pookey. I want a doctor to take care of you, because you're going to be a rich man. All this gold is half yours!

Pookey threw back his head and began to laugh. No! The gold was not half his. Buck had made a mistake. "It's all mine! All mine," he babbled. But he could never use it.

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SENSATIONAL COLLECTION OF AIRPLANES



Wings away with the new toy sensation. Contains 40 colorful plastic Airplanes. Different styles—Jets, Bombers, DC's, etc. Ideal for any age group. Full of play value and inexpensive.

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98¢

TOY CITY
20 Old Farm Rd., Great Neck, N. Y.

AMAZING
get acquainted offer
GIANT COLLECTION
—40 assorted planes
all yours
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TREMENDOUS BARGAIN

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Please send me the following. If not delighted my money will be cheerfully refunded.

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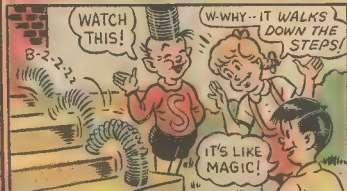
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MULEY PIKE USUALLY TAKES BACK SADDLE WHEN STEVE BRAND DONS THE GUISE OF **THE DURANGO KID** AND RIDES THE TRAIL OF JUSTICE. BUT—THERE COMES A DAY WHEN MULEY, TOO, HAS HIS **DAY OF DANGER** AND TRIES TO SHOW HE'S

"MULEY PIKE—CRIME-BUSTER!"

JUST OUTSIDE THE
COUNTY JAIL...

HEY SLIM! FATS! I
JUST BROKE THROUGH!
ONE MORE MINUTE AN'
WE'LL BE **FREE!**



PULL, MUGGER
—PULL! WE
GOT NO TIME
T'LOSE!

I'M
PULLIN'!

LONG AS
YUH
(GRUNT)
WUZ DIGGIN'
YUH (GRUNT)
COULDA DUG
WIDER!



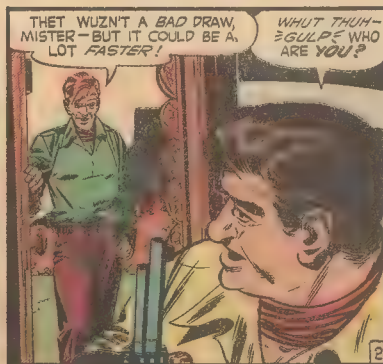
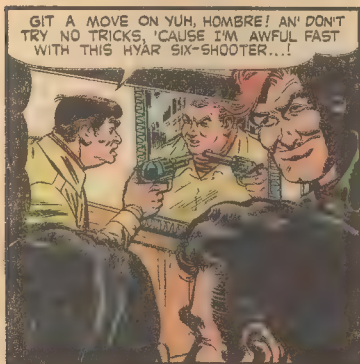
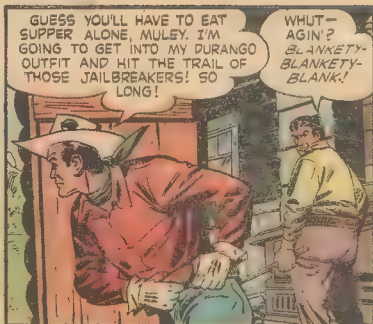
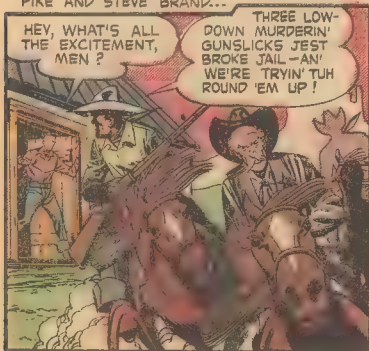
THET WUZ A NIFTY
JAILBREAK, FELLAS!
LET'S GIT ACROSS
THUH BORDER JEST
AS FAST AS WE
KIN!

RIGHT!
BUT
FIRST—
WE GOTTA
GIT SOME
GUNS AN'
HOSSES!



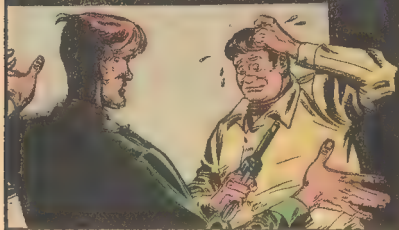
THE DURANGO KID

SOME TIME LATER, AT THE CABIN OF MULEY PIKE AND STEVE BRAND...



JEST A ROVIN' SADDLETRAMP—PASSIN' THROUGH. SAW YORE CABIN LIGHT AN' THOUGHT I'D RUSTLE UP SOME COMPANY!

WAL, YUH'RE RIGHT WELCOME, STRANGER. I-I-I'M SHORE KERFOOZLED, BAMBOOZLED, AN' JEST DOWNRIGHT EMBARRASSED THET YUH CAUGHT ME LIKE THIS...



SHUCKS, MISTER—AIN'T NO HARM IN A MAN PRACTICIN' SLAPPIN' HIS IRON. BUT I RECKON I KIN SHOW YUH HOW TUH SPEED UP THET DRAW—EF YUH'LL JEST LOAN ME THET GUN A MINUTE....

GOSH—WILL YUH? I'LL SHORE BE GRATEFUL...



MISTER, YOU AIN'T HALF AS GRATEFUL AS ME! GRAB AIR, **SUCKER!** OKAY, BOYS! YUH KIN COME IN NOW! MEET MUH PALS, MISTER...

I'M FATS!

I'M MUGGER!



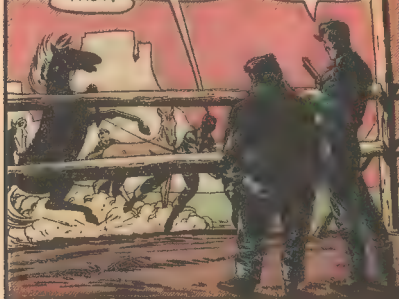
TARNATION—I OUGHT TUH HAVE MUH HEAD EXAMINED!

THAT'LL BE EASY—AFTER I PUT A COUPLE O' **HOLES** IN IT! HURRY UP, BOYS—LOAD UP THEM VITTLES!



SHORE IS A SWELL STRING O'HOSES IN THIS CORRAL—THEY OUGHTA CARRY US TO THUH BORDER PLENTY FAST!

SADDLE 'EM UP, BOYS—FAST! NOT THREE, BUT **FOUR!**



DID YUH SAY **GULP!**—DID YUH SAY—**FOUR?**

THET'S RIGHT, SUCKER. YUH'RE COMIN' WITH US! SHORE DON'T THINK WE'RE GOIN' TUH LEAVE YUH HYAR TUH SPREAD THUH ALARM, DO YUH?



THE DURANGO KID

A SHORT TIME LATER...

THE TRAIL OF THOSE
JAILBREAKERS LEADS
RIGHT BACK TO OUR
CABIN! I HOPE...



MULEY! ... EMPTY! ...!



AND THE CORRAL—ONLY THREE HORSES LEFT! FOUR HORSES
GONE—ONE FOR MULEY AND THREE FOR...



LET'S GO, RAIDER!



MEANWHILE...

ONE MORE
HILL AN' WE'LL BE NEAR
THUH BORDER, MEN.



I GOTTA DO SOMETHIN'
—I JEST GOTTA! GOLLY,
WHUT WOULD DURANGO
DO EF HE WUZ IN MUH
SHOES? HEY—THOSE
BRANCHES...!



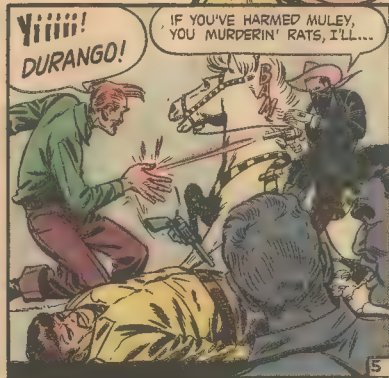
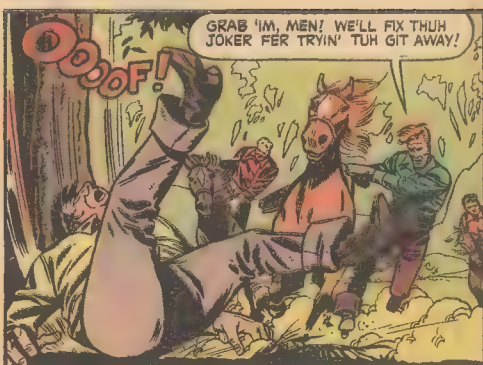
THAT'S IT! I ONCE SAW
DURANGO JUMP INTO THUH
TREES AN' THEN...

WAL,
HERE
GOES!

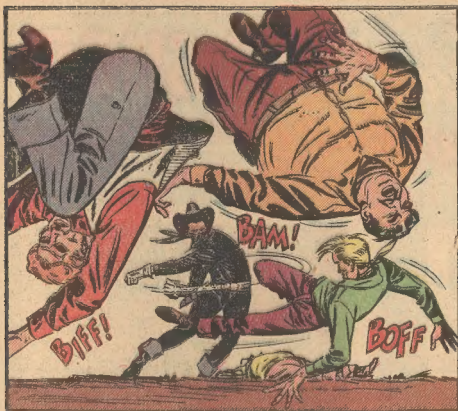
HEY—WHUT THUH—!



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



"Uncle Bernie's" FUN SHOP

Order NOW AT OUR LOW LOW PRICES



JUMP 'N' TOOTY

IMAGINE ONLY
2⁹⁸

- BUILT-IN TRAIN WHISTLE
- MADE OF DURABLE VINYLITE PLASTIC
- HILARIOUS CARTOON DECORATIONS
- WILL HOLD UP TO 200 LBS.



All aboard kids—for spine tingling thrills on top of JUMP 'N' TOOTY—the bouncing, inflated plastic train. Climb up on a rock. In race—real 'n' top—express it—its sounds like a real locomotive. You'll love the brightly colored, hilarious cartoons. It's safe for kids—it's sturdy enough to hold your daddy! It's made from durable, extra-heavy Vinylite Plastic that lasts for years. Stands 24" wide and 24" tall. Order now! SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

HAPPY THE COWBOY

HE'S OVER 17" TALL
MOVES HIS MOUTH
9 ARMS AND LEGS
REAL COWBOY OUTFIT

Hey kid—here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist—in a jiffy! Imagine—you can make HAPPY the COWBOY actually talk! (in your own voice, of course.) Pull the string in the back of his head—watch his lips move—hear your own words coming right out of HAPPY's mouth! See how real he looks—rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plastic shirt and western pants... Show off your skill at parties—oh yeah! SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)



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Wow! Brilliant, excitement and action! Then get yourself the LITTLE BANDIT! This miniature slot machine operates like the regulation size machine. Pull-down the lever, the wheels spin and a combination shows up in actual colors. Award chart on machine gives winning odds of sturdy, colorful plastic. Non-cash operated. Full instructions and game suggestions are included.

A Real SLOT MACHINE



only \$1⁹⁸

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- BRAIDS CAN BE COMBED
- RUBBER WONDERSKIN—UNBREAKABLE

Sweeping the country by storm! "BLONDIE BRAIDS" is 15" tall and is every little girl's dream of a really awe-inspiring, alive-looking "baby." "Blondie" has an amazing, human-like body of washable rubber WONDERSKIN—from the top of her pink toes to her shiny golden braids that can be shiny golden braids that can be combed and recombined. "BLONDIE BRAIDS" is unbreakable—even her head! She's dressed like a real baby too—in her own diaper, beautiful pink pocket and adorable matching baby-bunting shirt used as a blanket. SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)



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- ▶ BEAUTIFULLY MOLDDED PLASTIC QTY
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- ▶ DECORATES END TABLES, BOOK CASES, ETC.

What keeps the water in the loop? Amazing and mystify your friends with this sensational new "mystery" fish-bowl molded from clear durable plastic with a scientific, tight loop. Fill it with approximately 1/2 gallon of water as you see secret instructions, then start two or three of your pet goldfish. You'll watch them for hours and hours as they frisk and frolic through the loop. The perfect compliment to any open. Overcome endless boredom, etc. Make a wonderful gift! SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

SEND COUPON!

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59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

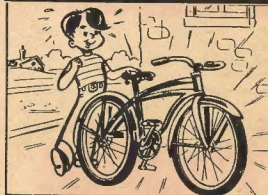
Gentlemen: Please send me the following:
Enclosed find: ☐ Check or M.O. ☐ C.O.D. plus postage.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Slot Machine \$1.98 | <input type="checkbox"/> BLONDIE BRAIDS \$2.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FISH-BOWL \$2.98 | <input type="checkbox"/> JUMP 'N' TOOTY \$2.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "HAPPY" THE COWBOY \$2.98 | |

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Address _____ City _____ State _____

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HOW JIMMY GOT HIS NEW BIKE!



HEY, GANG, THERE'S JIMMY WITH THE NEW BIKE HE'D BEEN SAVING FOR!



WONDER HOW HE SAVED THE MONEY?

LET'S GO ASK HIM!



IT WAS EASY TO SAVE MONEY WITH MY NEW **TELEVISION BANK!**



WHEN RELATIVES, NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS VISITED, THEY ALL PUT COINS IN THE **TELEVISION BANK** TO SEE IT LIGHT UP!



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HEY KIDS! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

WE'RE GOING TO SEND IN OUR COUPONS FOR A **TELEVISION BANK!**



LOTS OF FUN AND MONEY!

WITH THIS

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LIGHTS UP!
LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST
TELEVISION SETS!

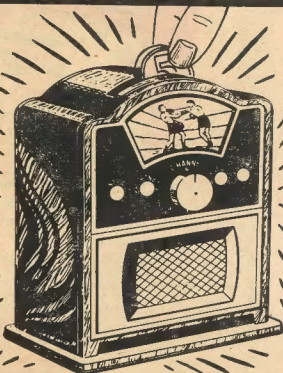
- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES IN FULL COLOR!
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- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!

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COMPLETE WITH BATTERY AND BULB!

GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU!

Bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying your wealth of savings.



GIRLS! DOLL HOUSE OWNERS! Nothing is so truly luxurious for your doll house. This beautiful new Television bank matches all styles of furniture. It makes an elegant addition to your doll's living room!

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Everyone will want to see this amazing new Television Bank. Your friends, relatives and neighbors can't resist putting in coins to see this sensational show!

LIGHTS UP THE INSTANT YOU DROP COIN!

Just insert a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into the slot on top. In a split second your spectacular Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! The screen leaps into dazzling, life with the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE!

After you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears. To light new picture, bank another coin. SIX exciting pictures—a fight, a hilarious cartoon, a tense rodeo scene, a swell figure skater, a dramatic dance team and a circus clown with his trick dog!

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Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST with this marvelous new Television Bank! Everyone wants to see all six pictures—your savings grow and grow by leaps and bounds!

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This sensational Television Bank is an exact miniature of the most expensive console models. Rich-looking mahogany finish with four simulated dials and speaker grille. 4 1/2" x 4" and ruggedly constructed. Will give you years of fun and big savings!

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